THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHERI Translated into English verse by Thomas Will-iam Parsons. With a Preface by Charles Ellot Norton and a memorial sketch by Louise Imo-gen Guiney. Pp. xix, 223. Houghton, Midlin &

THE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Ren-dered into English by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. Part I, Hell. Pp. ix, 179, Elliot Stock. A COMPANION TO DANTE. From the German of G. A. Scartazzini. By Arthur John Butler. Pp. xv. 503. Macmillan & Co.

The first thought of those who are not experts in Dantean studies and who occasionally miss publication devoted to the subject may be that Mr. Butler has performed a needless task in translating a handbook from the pen of Dr. Scartazzini. For they will remember that Thomas Davidson had already turned into English the "Manuale Dantesco." But they will find to their gratification that this is a different work. Scartazzini, as ready with the one language as with the other, was repeatedly urged to give a German version of his Italian "Prolegomeni della Divina Cemmedia." But he found so much to write which was new that he ended with a Handbuch" to which Mr. Butler has now given an English form. As between the "Manuale" and the "Handbuch," the difference is marked. Not only is the treatment of the subject far more complete in the latter, but the author has fully perfected himself in that scepticism of which there was little trace in the earlier book. He has a whole bundle of arguments to prove that Dante's Beatrice could not have been Beatrice Portinari. For Beatrice Portinari lived to be married, and Dante's Beatrice died in her maidenhood. It will be observed that this sort of disbellef affects, not Dante, but his early biographers. It is Boccaccio who must be blamed if the world has all along been paying homage to the wrong woman. Scartazzini suspects that Dante's own son, Peter, may have been the first to err in respect to this incident of his father's life. He calls attention to the fact that though it is less than ten years since he demanded another Beatrice in place of the iady who se long held the place of honor in Dante literature, he is now sustained by nearly all the Italian scholars, whose opinion should carry weight. Mr. Butler is not at all friendly to Scartazzini's opinion. But if the latter turned out to be right, the effect would be a complete overthrow for the theory that Beatrice was merely an allegorical fancy. For Dante could then be shown to have meant literally, as well as figuratively, all that he wrote. The death, the funeral of his beloved, and his grief for her would then be historical and not pure romance. While the reader may well feel like following Scartazzini on this point, he may be prejudiced against the exclusion of practically all those letters which have been attributed to the poet It is hard to give up that explanatory letter to Can Grande. Scartazzini knows this and he concedes a certain authority to it, though questioning its genuineness. As to the remaining apecryphal works, few will care how soon scepticism sweeps them all away. They are worth-

But Mr. Butler, in introducing his translation, makes a point which will have to be considered more and more as Dantean study widens its scope. He calls attention to the fact that it is almost impossible to read more than a page or two of any work of the twelfth or thirteenth century without coming upon some passage which one feels certain that Dante must have seen. Now, ordinary commentary, however useful it may have been in the past, has become a mere vexation. All mediaeval literature must be studied anew, and, it may be added, all folklore, if the future is to add anything to the study of Dante. The contempt which modern indolence has cast upon the Middle Ages will have to be replaced by a spirit of zealous, if not reverent, investigation. It may even be discovered that forgotten tomes of theology have something useful in them, despite Hallam's sweeping condemnation. For example, who would have suspected that the nearest counterpart to Dante's contrivance for the punishment of the Popes guilty of simony is to be found in the sermon of a man who himself became a Pope? In the simple and straightforward verse of the whose heels quiver in flame, says:

Headlong beneath my head are buried more. Crammed in this rock's inexorable chink, Crammed in this rock's inexorable chink Who practised simony like me before; So I, in my turn, farther down shall sink; Ay, soon as he approacheth whom my tongue Hastily greeted, as I thought in thee.

The feature to be observed in this savage licture of hell-pain is that each newcomer pushes all his predecessors deeper into the fiery cleft to make room for himself. That is exactly the feature made prominent in a discourse preached by the flery Hildebrand at Arezzo while he was still a monk. Of course, the Pope that was to be did not take the victims of his burning invective from beneath "The Great On the contrary, he pitched upon a family of the German nobility. He told how a certain German count, a rich vet upright man, after his death was seen in a vision by a monk He was standing on the topmost rung of a ladder that descended into a fiery abyss. Below him were his ancestors in regular, though inverted, succession. It seems that ten generations before the count was born one of his ancestors had sequestrated the revenues of a church, and now every new descendant pushed his predecessors down the ladder into the flames. In each of these cases the crime was a misuse of resources held to be sacred, and the punishment was what Villemain graphically described as a progressive novitiate in infernal suffering. Again, it might be supposed at first glimpse that nobody except Dante would have the audacity to put any soul in hell before death. Says Alberic, the monk:

Even new perchance the body of this one Who winters here behind me walks the world! If thou but newly art descended here, His outward semblance haply thou mayest

know: That's Master Branca Dorla; many a year Hath glided by since he was chained below.

But even so utterly prosaic a writer as Caesartus of Heisterbach has such a story to tell of a certain Landgrave Hermann, whose soul was in torment a whole year before anybody discovered that his body was animated by a demon. It might be thought that Dante's originality would be shown in some description of an angel like the following from the "Purgatory":

But the crazy monk who composed the frightful vision of Tundale made his angel afar off look like an exceedingly bright star, quasi stellam lucidissimam; and even in his time the elm, also, that visionary made famous by the Venerable Bede, remembered that his angel glowed as though he were a star. It was doubtunfortunate that so much was made two or three generations ago of a manuscript found in the Cassino Monastery. Surely Dante never saw the vision of Albericus. But it was curious. nevertheless, that an ignorant monk should ve thought of semething like the Wood of the deides, the very thing which Dante prided himself upon taking from Virgil. What is more we may yet hope to see this fancy turn up in folk-lore that may have been within Virgil's having taken the form of a tree, and as being tormented by those animals that scratched his bark and broke his limbs. Of course, with the Indian this is merely a grotesque incident, "but | phrases, the thought is there, and it should lend emphasis to the fact that both Virgil and Dante stand always in the closest intimacy with popular tion, betraying a knowledge of things which

which belong to culture and refinement." Under such conditions, if ever the Virgilian fancy were found floating as folk-lore in the Mediterranean region, the humble Blackfoot tale might certify its antiquity. To an equally remote quarter can be traced also a significant phrase which Pareral fidelity, speaks of the souls at Charon's | that would have done credit to a person of much ferry "that weary were and naked." And Sir lower rank. Her skill as a musician and her Edward Sullivan, in the prose version cited at grace in the dance yielded to her taste and intelligence. Brown RIDERS OF MANY LANDS. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A., 8vo, pp. 486. Harper & Brothers. the head of this article, calls them "jaded and raimentless." What then caused Parsons to add naked birds"? Possibly it was an impulse from sevenfold wall. Since men began to think in Chaldaea, it has never been forgotten that souls resemble birds and that somewhere in Hades

there must be seven walls with seven gateways. Turning to an incident of a different order from these, one may find a new use for minute learning in illustrating Dante. The story is the ghastly one of the Provençal poet, Bertram de Born, whose shade was represented as carrying its head in its hand like a lantern. Dante puts daughter of kings even greater than she was by into Bertram's mouth the explanation of his birth." Yet she was only twenty-six years of age punishment. "Know," he says, in the translation of Sir Edward Sullivan, "that I am he who supplied the Boy King with the evil counsels. Father and son I stirred into rebellion against brother of Louis XIV. Her mere existence was each other: Achitophel wrought never more on Absalom and David with his malignant instigations. For that I put asunder those who were so united, I wear my brain, woe is me! sundered from its source which dwelleth in this headless body. And thus is retribution's law made mant- land. fest in me." So far Dante. But, if memory deceive not, it was this same Bertram who was ever boasting what a fine headpiece he had. Thus the grim Florentine's description has a humorous touch, "How is that head of yours now?" he might have asked, if Bertram had not from the French point of view. Her presence thoroughbred horse. been so quick with his history from beneath that infernal bridge.

lation. As it is, he has left the "Hell" complete, lematic life. nearly all the "Purgatory," and occasional fragments of the "Paradise." He has shown, once for all, how the plainness and simplicity of Dante can be realized in English verse with the restriction and annoyance of rhyme. But, as Professor Norton points out, the translator's style is his own, not Dante's. He accompanies the great Italian as long as the latter is content near the earth; but when he takes his eagle flights, the suppose of "the simple and solemn language with which all readers of our Bible have been some places.

mico, after naming the crime for which he is punished, adds: "And I am not the only native of Bologna that sorroweth here—nay rather, the place is filled so full of them, that tongues so many are not this moment taught to say 'aye truly' in all the land between Savena and Reno's area." Of course the words "aye truly" are a which truly in all the land between Savena and Reno's stream." Of course the words "aye truly" are a literal translation of "sipa," the form by which the Bolognese emphasized the ordinary affirma-tive "si." But the meaning of Dante's words is effaced by translation, just as the purport of a familiar incident in the Old Testament would be obscured if the word "Shibboleth" were turned into English. But these are hardly faults in the

Spanish Embassy beat the French in a murderous street quarrel, Charles and his Court manidefeated. It required several generations for the popular party in England to get over the loss of Dunkirk, and yet the cession of that stronghold to France does not seem to have affected the other. As to Henrietta, the mere fact that she was a Stuart seems to have led to an adverse judgment whenever some scandal of the French Court involved her name. Most of her short life

were directed against her. There is some material in this volume which if not wholly new to print, has never before seen the light in its original form; and the new testimony is of a sort to awaken kindlier feeling tothink of Charles not merely as a king but as a man, with such limitations as his training and surroundings and lifelong friendships were likely to put upon him. A young manhood of forced happened to be money to spend, exile not merely from London but from Paris and from every capital where he would have met acquaintances worthy of him-these things made the coming king cynical, though nothing could damp his gayety. He learned to look on himself as well as conscious always of the beggarly prince who had known what it was to go hungry in a threadbare cost. As a ruler his ambition was hampered by the dread of being "sent on his travels again. as he expressed it with a vividness which a modern tramp might envy. He certainly had not the same conception of the glory of England which some contemporary Englishman had. But on the other hand he had no such notions of the divinity of kings as were cherished by his father and by Louis XIV. He awaited the popular will to an extent which led a French diplomatist to say that in France the king ruled the people, while in England he was ruled by the people. "My fleet has already set sail, my people are in a rage; was the substance of Charles's reply to the French emissary who tried to meddle in the anticipated war with Holland, That was a novel view to take of the relations between king and people; it was shocking to the traditions of a diplomacy which had descended Charles saw things as they were and was disreach. For among some American Indians who posed to make his words fit the truth. He was worship the sun, the deity is represented as probably the first king in modern Europe to comprehend the people. Whenever he uses the language which royalty had appropriated as its

> In politics Henrietta's chief distinction is that she was practically the ambassador of Charles at the French Court. Her life from the first had been such as to stimulate and train all her faculties to the utmost. She was born in the midst of

own, there seems to be a tinge of irony in his

the Civil War, and was carried from England to magnificent social triumphs of the princess con-france in her babyhood, not without peril to her tributed to shorten her life. France in her babyhood, not without peril to her protectors. While other princes and princesses proverb. Herrietta, whose early prospects were far from bright, was carefully educated on lines that would have done credit to a person of much lower rank. Her skill as a musician and her grace in the dance yielded to her taste and intelligence in letters. She did much—more than any one else surely—for the success of Molière and Racine; and the sincerest mourner at her death was the most brilliant Greek scholar of his time, M. de Tréville, who at once abandoned his post at Court and left the world to become a recluse at Port Royal. There is a natural distrust of funeral eulogies, but all hearts apparently assented to the words of Bossuet when he spoke of the beauty, of the talents, of the irresistible charm which made this princess the adored of all, and when "he dwelt on her rare gifts of mind, on her fine taste in art had letters, on the royalty of heart and soul, which made this were too indulgently treated ever to learn much, sons has added to Dante. Longfellow, with lit- far from bright, was carefully educated on lines that same far-off antiquity which led Dante to M. de Tréville, who at once abandoned his post surround the home of his classic shades with at Court and left the world to become a recluse royalty of heart and soul, which made this when death earned for her such praise. Her brief life was anything but happy. She had the and hatred of her husband, the Duke of Orleans, only an obstacle to him, and an offence to his favorite, the Chevaller de Lorraine. Only the fact that her talents were indispensable to the king made life endurable. And these talents were devoted to the service of her brother, the King of Eng-

French. She must have looked at things wholly

made impossible the ordinary conduct of affairs nfernal bridge.

between the two nations. The result was that for the task which he has so successfully accommodately accommodat a poet and so faithful a student of Dante as two kings, the time of the ambassadors was the absolute freedom from prejudice which he Dr. T. W. Parsons did not live to finish his trans- largely taken up with the petty things of dip- manifests. Taking his reader round the world, he over fancied insults. The two kings had evidently chosen their representatives each with a view to the discomfort of the other. Louis's own view to the disgomfort of the other. Louis's own rider, as a polo player, as a breeder and rider of their dislike of etiquette. It was only when some question of this sort arese in which the French country, the United States, he justly claims superquestion of this sort arose in which the French translator follows him only with his eyes. As king manifestly aimed at an encroachment on is, perhaps, the very highest form of horseman for Sir Edward Sullivan's prose version, it must rights established by previous custom, that ship. be said that it has less than the author seems to Charles took up the cudgels for himself. This the fact that in all-round ability to breed, train which was caused by the demand of Lord Hollis. American is "primus inter panes" long familiar." True, the translator has used the old pronouns and the archaic forms of the verb; princes of the blood, as his predecessors in office.

In a work so full of information as is this, it is difficult to know what to quote, and when quoting. but phrases like "malignant instigations" in the passage already quoted bring one down with a run from Biblical heights to the level of modern speech. Sir Edward is too matter-of-fact in some places. For example, Venedico Caccianimico, after naming the crime for which he is dishonorable terms, and I thanke God my conditions of the blood, as his predecessors in office that done. In this case Charles went so far as to write to his sister, "There is nobody desires more to have a strict friendship with the King of France than I do, but I will never buy it upon dishonorable terms, and I thanke God my conditions of "brook and the crime for which he is dishonorable terms, and I thanke God my conditions of "brook and the crime for which he is stop." Evidently he would have been willing to fight honorable exit from the difficulty. "After vainly | ridher. He instate that the ridher of the French

> French Court which kept him walting upon the pleasure of a monarch whom no affection ever blinded to his own advantage whether in small her brother moderately content, Louis was free to exert his strength in some other direction The letters from Charles to his sister, nearly a of the rest goes without saying, and this is but hundred in number, and now for the first time of it all is hard to be explained to a man who has France mainly on his sister's account. If tainly not less a man. His weakness appeals to rough-riding, cross-country man, or the active pole human sympathy. He demonstrated, moreover, player have but little idea of the immense value that he could make alliances for the advantage of his own country, independent of France, and which led on the one hand to the Treaty of Commerce and on the other to the Secret Treaty the United Provinces. The negotiation of this Secret Treaty was wholly the work of Henrietta. She and the two kings were almost the only persons who had any knowledge of the document or its contents. Her skill in carrying out the affair was a theme of admiring comment among diplomatists. She accomplished everything she hoped for and all that her brother desired. If he qualities. There is another thing which the French was short-sighted that was not her fault. As the granddaughter of Henry of Navarre, she was, however, more than a politician. She was a devout Catholic who hoped to make others Catholics also. She seems to have been the main instrument in bringing Charles II to the determination of abandoning the English Church. In tion, unwittingly make use of the devices he introduced. It has, however, been reserved for Governor Leland Stanford's farm at Palo Alto to perfect the methods of kindness. The men on the place are forbidden to speak in an angry tone to a colt; a man who should sweat at or strike one would be that salvation was impossible outside of the Papal Church. Even in her childhood she illustrated her earnestness if not her fanaticism by her appeal to Lady Morton. "I embrace her," she said to her mother, "I clasp my arms round her neck, I say to her, "Do be converted, Lady Morton. Father Cyprian says you must be a Catholic to be saved. You have heard him as well as I have. Do be a Catholic, ma bonned dame, and I will love you still more dearly."
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> The horseman who finds, perhaps least favor least favor is the control of the word; he is ready to be hitched up and driven when he is old enough to work. The system is perfection. dame, and I will love you still more dearly." The horseman who finds, perhaps, least favor in Against such eagerness it was perhaps hard for a careless man like Charles II to persist in re-

> Against such eagerness it was perhaps hard for a careless man like Charles II to persist in refusal, and his training had been such as to second his sister's appeal.
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> Mrs. Ady goes into the details of Henrietta's death in treating the question whether the unfortunate princess was poisoned or not. There can be no doubt that Henrietta's last moments were embittered by the belief that her sufferings were more than natural. But the summing-up of the evidence shows that this was probably an error. That there were those who would have murdered her, if they had dared, is undoubted. But they had no opportunity. The approach of death was obvious to others for a long time. All those excitements and anxieties, and even the

HORSES AND RIDERS.

the picturesque description, "quivering like Racine; and the sincerest mourner at her death to any other, it is the affectation of understanding their horse lore is of so much practical value that it would be rendering a public service to put it into print for the benefit of mankind; and the result is that the literary market is swamped with an amazing number of books on riding and driving. and on horses generally. The majority of them are rubbleh, written by persons whose ignorance of the most elementary principles of the subject, which they pretend to treat ex-cathedra, is as entertaining as it is ridiculous. But there are some exceptions, and among these there stands out preeminent Colonel Dodge's "Riders of Many Lands." It is a volume of rare and exceptional interest; full of information, modesty and diffidently conveyed, It may be that the results of her diplomacy his subject, but who shows in every line that he is were not what the English could have wished. It possessed of that fine feeling—that sacred fire—gift in the analysis of her own sex; but several which alone can create perfect sympathy between must be remembered that though she was born a high-bred gentleman and his equine counterpart in England her whole life and training were For surely there is no other animal that so nearly appreaches the ideal of the "gentilhomme" as the

If any further indication of the author's fitnes There were incessant blekerings shows him that each country possesses some qualdisposition to make much of all questions of pre- racebarses, he is unequalled. The German, on the cedence was the cause of endless quarrels which other hand, he declares to be superior in the Charles would probably never have troubled military drilling of holles of horse, while the himself about, for he and his sister agreed in French stand at the head in all the electics of fortty in the matter of long-distance riding, which Moreover, he furnishes abundant evidence of

happened in the famous "quarrel of the coaches," and ride the horse to the best advantage, the to write to his sister, "There is nobody desires more to have a strict friendship with the King novel information. Particularly graphic are his deof France than I do, but I will never buy it upon | scriptions of "broncho busting" and "express riding" dishonorable terms, and I thanke God my condition is not so fil, but that I can stand upon my and there is a vein of quiet humor which give Evidently he would have been willing to fight attaches particular importance, and that is the rather than give up the point, and he could correction of the popular impression that prevails surely have counted on the hatred of France in this country, as it does in England, that the which he had to resist among his subjects during Prenchman cannot rib. This Colonel Dodge disstruggle. But Henrietta was too familiar with cavalry officer is vasily the Briton's superior is included. But these are hardly faults in the houseaftee var from the difficulty. "After vanish man all his critics and differ incopilities. If the other hardless were and the finishing the work will be an emphasizes as a significant remark of the scattering and his critics and the points entry should be given and his critics of the convergence of the points of the

cept to a man in training. To 'shift the fore quarters' quickly means handlness in turning and over, without the latter, how can you place your horse where you want him so as to open a sate of the spur in this particular respect, just as little delicacy of this understanding between man and beast can reach. The French, as stated above,

have done, and which must never be forgotten.

The first man who showed the world that intelligent kindness was the real secret of horse-breaking and training was the Frencaman Baucher. Up to his day colts had been broken by cruel methods, and were never more than half-trained. The tempers of the majority were irretrievably rulned. Baucher taught an entirely new system, and the whole world has benefited by it. Even Eag-lish breakers, though they scorn his higher education, unwittingly make use of the devices he introduced.

the eyes of Colonel Dodge is the German soldier and he says, with some justice, that he has never

lishments and stud tarms are the most process. Their kind.

The chapters deviced to the Chinese and Japanese. The chapters deviced to the Chinese and Japanese.

LITERARY NOTES. Mrs. Homphry Ward's new novel is to be published in America late in January or early in the following month. A certain interest attaches to the fact that well-known critic who has read the manuscript concurres it a great work, destined to increase Mrs. Ward's fame. A more defialte and therefore more satisfying bit of news is that the story is to have this time a heroine instead of a hero. having added a genuine man to the great gallery of fletion in David Grieve, she is to follow the Rose and Katherine of "Robert Elsmere" and the Louis of her later novel with a woman whose development she will trace from school days to woma other of her women, Lucy and the young French-woman in "David Grieve," have the marks of an artist on their portraits, and it will be interesting to see what kind of a full length will be produced in the forthcoming story.

What Mr. Howells has recently written concern ing literary style ought to be traced in gold above these in Goldsmith which make him our contempo rary, and it is worth the while of any young perso presently intending deathless renown to take a little thought of them. They are the source of all refine ment, and I do not believe that the best art in any kind exists without them. The style is the and he cannot hide himself in any garb of words so that we shall not know somewhat what manner of man he is within it; his speech betrayeth him, not only as to his country and his race, but more subtly As to Goldsmith, I do not think a man of hersh and arrogant nature, of worldly and selfish think that in far greater measure than criticism has | the name, but still they said to each other, with recognized, his spiritual quality, his essential friendiness, expressed itself in the literary beauty that heart as well as takes the fancy in his work. I should have my reservations and my a if it came to close criticism of his work, but I am glad that he was the first author I

Mr. Howells has lately written a farce called A Masterplece of Diplomacy." It is to appear in west-acres, croaking: "Luck never comes with

Thackeray to ask him to write for "The Pictorial Times." The journalist found the great novelist-tobe in a bare and cheerless bedroom, having little omfort and no ornament; on the table was a breakfast of a cup of chocolate and some dry toast. The fenant of this unlovely apartment at once undertook to write upon art, to review such books as he might fancy, and to contribute an occasional article on the pera, more with reference to its frequenters, he refied was he with the three guineas offered him for a

Against the glowing band,
A tooth of purple sod upreared, to notch
The otherwise unbroken, spiendel sweep
of intersecting sky and plain. From it
A thin blue smoke arose.

It was a human habitation.
It was not a prison. A prison
Hesounds with songs, yells, the crash of gates,
The cilek of locks and grind of chains.
Voice shouts to voice. Bars do not exclude
The interchange of words.
This was solitary confinement!

The sun upsprang; Its light swept the plain like a sea Of golden water, and the blue-gray dome That soared above the settler's snack Was lighted into magical spiculor.

Professor Typidall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," 1871, and his "Glaciers of the Alps," 1860, are now exceedingly rare books—so rare that the author was himself for several years anxious and unable to procure a copy of the former. "I am told by a friend," he wrote to a certain bookseller who makes books on Alpine subjects a specialty, "that you have two copies of my book. The price is high, and this is in a way very gratifying to the author. And as unfortunately, I have no copy myself, I shall be glad if you will send the books to me at the price

in hand, he is writing that he could never evolve a single idea by sitting still in his chair and thinking.

The complete edition of the writings and speeches of Abraham Lincoln which Colonel Hay and Mr. J. G. Nicolay have prepared will soon be brought out

by the Century Company. The first published work of Robert Louis Stevenson was a booklet in thin paper covers, en-titled "The Pentinna Rising," and brought out in rare pamphlet was lately purchased by a biblio-

The ever-recurring reports concerning Mr. Stevenery far from being a well man, but probably the means a much longer lease of life than could otherwise be his. Here Mr. Stevenson and his family go about in flowing garments and berefooted like the natives. Almost every Samora, it is said, would march through fire and water for Stevensonwhose name, by the way, they can't pronounce, Some of them call him Tuestala, "the teller of

One who has recently visited the novelist, says:

"Stevenson's talk is as brilliant as can be heard anywhere. His humor is so spontaneous, so per-fectly natural and free from affectation, that you forget how brilliant it is. In these jottings there may be unpardonable indiscretions, but I cannot resist the temptation to commit another for the benefit of those who dearly delight in the tingling effect of a witty exaggeration.' On being asked one day what he thought was the matter with him, he repited that, 'Seemingty his system had a passionate avidity for taking cold.' On the Honolulu steamer there was a man who had the faculty, which is only too common, of unconsciously irritating his fellow passengers. Of him Stevenson said, 'I don't know passions that would disgrace hell. He is a con-firmed cigarette smoker, and while he talks his fingers are busy coiling a fresh cigarette."

"THE RESURRECTION HOUSE

A PATHETIC STORY OF THE CATSKILLS.

REMINISCENCE OF THE MILLERITE EXCITE MENT-A LONELY HOUSE WAITING FOR THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH-THE TRACEDY OF SEVEN LIVES.



the road to Kingston, and looking toward the mountains, stands a deserted dwelling, called by side "The Resurrection House." Under its eaves has grown up a story which the summer visitor hears with sympathy or with scoffing, as nature may incline. It is a lonely old manor house of unusual size, with fine, graystone walls of un-

common thickness, judging from the depth of the window seats and the width of the great door-casings. The roof is low and projects like a beetling brow over the windows deep-set below. Many years ago, as the old gossips' story goes, an industrious family settled in a beautiful in New-York looking toward the mountains. Rich acres developed from what had been wild, un vated land, and heavily wooded slopes added the successive branches of the family inherited the place from father to son, and so it went on until



ters were born at the old manor house, but never a son to bear the old name. A bitter grief the the hopefulness of the old, looking forward to the future of those who should come after: "The girls will marry, and then the firstborn of their sons can take the old name and live here after us, as if he were our very own." But the neighbors, better versed in old superstitions, and perhaps a trifle jealous of the greater prosperity of the manoruse people, shook their heads with the air of

Strangely enough, the girls did not marry. For some unexplained reason, these pretty, thrifty, even wealthy, women remained single, while their friends, less attractive and less well endowed, married and brought up families of hearty, happy children all around them. In the course of time the old father d'ed, his hope of seeing a grandson who should reign in his stead unfulfilled. His wife soon followed him, and the sisters were left alone. They were not idle, for there was the farm to be managed, as well as the spinning, weaving, sewing and knitting, which made up the occupations of the

After the period of mourning for their dead had

extremes to which people were going in mer voruntary sacrifices for their beilefs, of their giving
up property, friends and even family ties in order
to meet the near coming of the Lord in freedom
from earthly bonds and with minis fixed solely
upon heavenly things. On one of her infrequent
visits to the neighboring town, where the election
products in the best markets, where
the state of the people in the product of the
products of the state of the product of the
product of the product of the product of the
two vice unlike any she had ever heard. It swept over
the vast audlence like the waves of the sea, rising
and failing in the tide of an eloquence she had
never dreamed of. The near coming of Christ was
to the people before him strong
and the people before him strong
and the product of the product, the sun of
the unlargey common of the manor house was
vanced in his pleading, and stretched out his arms
and women fainted with enough her, aroused
by the rude educt of the preacher, the soul of
the unlargey common of the manor house was
strength in the silence which followed the appeal her heart pledged itself to this
new faith, and as she went on her homeward
way it was with the definite resolve to give her
utinest of strength to urge others to prepare for
the coming of the Meeslah and the near approach
of the Milennium.

Her sisters heard her at first with some misgivinser; then yielding as they had always done to
stronger will and more interse nature, then
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